

When Deacon Fairweather went to pray,  
At the close of a pleasant summer day,  
While the neighbors were kneeling around him  
There,  
As they usually did at that hour of prayer,  
He prayed in his honest, kindly way,  
That of made only a heart's desire,  
For wisdom, virtue, trust and grace  
To guide him on to heaven's shore;  
That, indifferent to this world, his love  
Might strengthen for the world above,  
And he didn't forget the heathen there,  
But offered him up on the wings of prayer.  
He prayed for all good in creation,  
And the blessing of God on contributions,  
And he hoped their own bright happy hand  
Might gather at last on the shining strand,  
But while he was heartily praying for those,  
Some pious in his heart were those,  
Of his neighbor's huge he had feared that they  
From his field of potatoes over the way,  
For they took like demons around the field,  
And the father he followed the fonder they  
equaled.

The schoolhouse inmates heard the noise,  
"Whom, Emma?" cried the little boys,  
And it was the deacon in a haste,  
To see the pretty school-children's faces.  
When the wife and the deacon were at,  
And the deacon bent, without a hat,  
While fixing the fence in a totty patch,  
The good old deacon was so kind,  
Some words a pirate would blush to utter,  
And now, as I said, while he bowed to pray,  
At the close of that pleasant summer day,  
There came about in a dreadful way,  
Thoughts of the wife and the words he said,  
"Forgive us, Lord, when we have disobeyed,  
As we've forgiven trespassers," he prayed;  
"And let our lives be made as Thine,  
Our walk and conversation more divine."  
And the deacon's prayer went forth on,  
And soon the thoughts of the wife had gone;  
For he thought to himself, "If I don't pray,  
This vision will fade from my mind away."  
But while he was drawing his prayer to a close,  
The shadowy pokers again arose,  
And softly kicked near the deacon's nose,  
Some warning they appeared to render,  
Like Samuel to the Witch of Endor,  
The long, and equals rose painful clear,  
And smote upon the deacon's ear.  
"Oh, Lord!" he stammered, "our sins forgive,  
And help us more like Thee to live."  
Just at that moment he caught the eye  
Of the grunting hogs from his neighbor's sty,  
And once again in a dreadful way,  
He saw them clamber a broken fence,  
The deacon didn't know what to do,  
It seemed like a vision—yet seemed true;  
His eyes bulged out in a dreadful way,  
And his hair stood up like new-laid hay,  
He groaned—then faltered—then ceased to pray,  
His mind was troubled, he knew not why,  
As he glanced toward the fence from the sty;  
Those painful moments were but brief,  
Then he burst in penitential grief:  
"Oh, Lord of Heaven, forgive me, I pray,  
For seeing at Johnson's hogs to-day."  
Those had those humping words been said,  
The deacon lifted up his head:  
The heavy weight was off his heart,  
No more he felt its galling smart.  
The grunting hogs that stood before  
Him vanished to return no more,  
The worthy deacon's heart was light,  
He saw no more of hogs that night.

## DANIEL BOONE, OR, THE Pioneers of Kentucky.

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS,  
By Wallace Gruelle.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

JACK SPOTS—ATTACK ON BRYAN'S STATION—BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS.

When our hero returned to Booneborough with his wife, whom he found at her father's house on the Yadkin mourning him as dead, he was accompanied by the colony mentioned in a former chapter, and among them were the Starns, Brewster and Louisa. Reaching Booneborough, they all separated, some going to Lick Station, some to Bryant's, and others locating in the immediate vicinity and reach of Booneborough.

The Starn family, and of course Brewster and his fair bride with them, located at Bryant's Station, where our quondam schoolmaster and his pretty and vivacious wife soon became prime favorites.

Some three weeks after their arrival another newcomer made his appearance, who instantly attracted universal attention and aroused the curiosity of every one to the highest pitch.

He might have been anywhere—as to age—between thirty and sixty. His long and silky hair was white as snow, but his figure was tall and erect as that of an Indian, while his step was light and elastic as that of youth. His eye was black and sparkling and his vision keen as a hawk's. But his face—never did human eye gaze upon its like. It was covered all over with spots like freckles, and of the bluish hue peculiar to powder burns. He explained his disfigurement by stating that he had for several years been a prisoner among the Wyandottes, who had once put him to torture by making a "spiral circle" of him, and sticking his face full of minute pine splinters, after soaking their sharp points in bear's grease to make them burn under the skin. To those they applied fire, and the result was that the poor fellow became a marked and disfigured man for life.

He readily refused to give his name, or divulge the place of his nativity, saying that he was all alone in the world, had no one to care for him, and he did not care for the name that would perish with him. And to his dying day he gave no other name than Jack. Some waggy younger of the garrison to this added Spots, in allusion to the disfigurement of his countenance, which Jack accepted with great good humor as a cognomen, and hence he became known as Jack Spots.

The unfortunate fellow's story, or what he saw fit to tell of it, enlisted the warmest sympathy of the Brewsters, and he appeared to be singularly attracted toward them. The consequence was that he soon became an inmate of the cabin they had erected within rifle-shot of the blockhouse, and was looked upon as a member of the little family. He took upon himself the task of supplying their table with meat, while Mr. Brewster was busied with preparations for tilling the soil.

On the night of the fourteenth of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-two, Jack Spots, who had been gone all day hunting, made a hasty entrance into Brewster's cabin, just as they had about given him out, and urged them to instantly hurry into the blockhouse, as a large body of Indians and British (Canadians) were approaching, and were not more than five miles distant. He had discovered them about noon, and kept them in sight all the afternoon, in order to ascertain their probable destination, determined to precede them and give warning of their approach. When at length satisfied that they were marching on Bryant's station, he had hurried on ahead.

VOL. V.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1880.

NO. 4.

After seeing Louisa safe in the shelter of the fort, and having driven Brewster's stock inside the stockade, the two men aroused all the families in the neighborhood, and in less than two hours after Jack appeared at the Brewster cabin every cabin was deserted, and every hoof of cattle was safely ensconced in the stockade.

The men kept a vigilant watch, throughout the night, while the women and children passed the time as best they could. No one dreamed of attempting to sleep, except the older settlers, who knew that if the enemy numbered any thing like the strength estimated by Jack they would need all their endurance next day.

Sure enough, on the morning of August fifteen, the station was invested by fully five hundred savages and Canadians, led by the famous but crafty and cruel half-breed, Simon Girty, and Col. McKee, of the British army. Maddened at finding their prey forewarned and ready to receive them, and Girty's demand for a surrender being treated with contempt, and his assurance that a large reinforcement with artillery was close at hand laughed to scorn, the party made a fierce onslaught upon the blockhouse, only to be driven back with considerable slaughter. They rallied and charged the garrison four several times, only to be repulsed. Finally, at about ten o'clock, they retired, leaving thirty of their dead, that they could not reach for the rifles of the garrison, on the field, and bearing their wounded with them, retreating in the direction of the Blue Licks. The garrison suffered a loss of four killed.

As soon as the alarm had been given on the preceding night of the approach of the enemy, messengers had been dispatched by Captain Reynolds, who succeeded the unfortunate Bryant in command of the station, to Lexington, Booneborough, and Harrodsburg with intelligence of the invasion and a request for assistance.

By two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, mounted troops from the three stations above mentioned began to arrive, under the respective commands of Colonels Todd, Boone, Trigg and Major Harlan.

The exigencies of the occasion demanded a council of war: for as the immediate occasion of the rally had passed away in the retreat of the savages, the next step to be taken was seriously important. Among the officers were Harlan, McKee, McBride, and Levi Todd.

Major Harlan was a soldier of whom General Clark said, "he was one of the bravest and most accomplished soldiers that ever fought by my side." In seventeen hundred and seventy-eight he built a stockade on Salt river, to which his name was given. He was of superb appearance and in the prime of life. Familiar (by having longed the perilous part of a spy among the Indians) with all Indian warfare, he was invaluable to the gathering forces.

Hugh McKee had been one of the earliest settlers of Harrodsburg, a spot which has disputed the palm of precedence in the settlement of Kentucky with Booneborough. McKee was as ardent, impetuous and rash, but a man of daring courage, indomitable energy and untiring perseverance. He brought into the country forty horses, but was singularly unsuccessful with them, nearly every one of them being stolen by the Indians. Living as he did so long in the society of James Harrod, he needed to be active, for that brave man was surpassed by none of the settlers in boldness and rapid action. Even when the storm of war was over, and when the land was quiet, he preferred the stirring chase to all other pursuits, and at last died a hunter's death in the wilderness. McKee had ample occasion in such company for the exercise of all his skill.

Levi Todd had made his settlement early in the country, and became in after life distinguished among the settlers. The command of the troops was taken by Colonel Todd. Of this gentleman the historians speak in high eulogy. He had in the famous severe winter of seventeen hundred and eighty, manifested the firmness of his disposition in an incident which is of interest. The provisions of the fort at Lexington became exhausted, and when the Colonel returned home one night, with his favorite body servant, George, a piece of bread about two inches square and a gill of milk were all that his wife could offer him. He turned the proffer aside and insisted that George should have it. He had been a representative in the Virginia legislature of the Kentucky district. His visit to Kentucky was owing to a description given of its value and fertility by Boone. He then joined Henderson's party, and after that claim broke up went into the immediate service of Virginia.

Colonel Trigg was also an officer in this force. He had come in as a member of the famous Land Commission, and the exhibit which he heard and saw on every side of the riches of the land induced him to remain. He was noted for his activity, and his memory is preserved as among the noblest of the pioneers.

The fight of the preceding day stirred up the blood of the settlers. The fact that McKee and Girty were with a body of Indians so numerous and powerful showed that a bold blow was determined upon. The Indians led by whites were more dangerous than when trusting to Indian tactics alone. The threat of artillery had not been overlooked. While it might be but the bravado of Girty, still, as the savages were in full alliance with the British, the latter could furnish the savages with a powerful weapon of attack there would be no scruple about it. It would be a great advantage for the royalists to break up this new country in the midst of the war.

In determining what was to be done, it was a serious point in consideration that the force of Colonel Logan had not arrived.

The character of Colonel Logan was as well established for bravery that it was not for one moment doubted but that the instant he heard the alarm he had prepared to join the warriors. He was a Virginian—by bravery and civility a representative of the cavaliers. He had in the colonial service prepared himself in the duties of a soldier, and when he came to Kentucky—which he did in the famous year, seventeen hundred and seventy-six—he was one of those who most successfully dared the fearful perils of the woods, and he experienced them to a terrible degree. His little station was in a never-ending series of wild alarms, and the Indian seemed never wearied in endeavors to ent him off.

Everything was in haste. The Indians were to be pursued—that was certain. But it was equally certain to those who united good judgment with their zeal that it would be far better to await the coming of Logan, so that the blow struck might be a sure one. Boone was of this opinion, and he avowed it. Now, of all men gathered there, it was to Boone that a sagacious leader would have looked for information. It was at and near the Blue Licks that he had hunted, and watched, and traversed, till all its holds and fastnesses were known to him. He had conquered the Indians; had been their captive and their master, and his coolness and courage had never deserted him. There were none, however, of the council of war who insisted upon going forward at once.

In the noise and excitement of a siege men do not make accurate account of their foes. The duty of the present instant is all that mind or sense knows. Girty's boast that his troops far outnumbered the settlers was forgotten or despised in their hatred of him, but these frontier men could not overlook the fact of his blazing his way as he retreated. This seemed like a willingness to be pursued, which the Indian leaders never would have manifested if they had not been proud in their numbers, for no men were more cautious of exposing themselves.

Every sign reported by the spies taught Boone that this was an hour of danger, and that prudence and caution were with a victory. He knew by his own success against the savages how much it gained in war by being brave enough to wait. His soldier mind recognized the same great principle which taught Wellington to win Waterloo by endurance. He was asked his judgment, and he gave it. According to McKee, "he told them of the make of the country, and his belief that an ambushade was intended, for he knew that the Indians relied on nothing so much as seizing his enemy at a disadvantage."

While the council was deliberating the rashness of one man ended the argument. McKee, giving the war whoop, in defiance of all discipline, uttered the stinging taunt that all who were not cowards should follow him. He would show where the Indians were. At the time such words seemed those of bravery, but the courage that is sudden and ardent is of the lesser and lower grade. The calm resolution and thorough action combined is the real heroism. Of course, as would be the case in any gathering of frontier men with rifle in hand, a large part of the detachment followed the hasty McKee. Todd and Boone did not, and the fact that Todd remained with Boone would seem to indicate that the two were imbued with each other's sentiments and understood the value of deliberate action.

The proposition to examine the country was again renewed, and the buffalo trace and its vicinity were, as the scouts supposed, thoroughly examined. There was a remarkable bend of the Licking River, and Boone knew how likely the ravines adjacent would be chosen as the place for the surprise to be concealed.

He knew that the buffalo path would lead the army between the places most likely to afford concealment to the Indians, and when the scouts returned and reported the way to be clear, while it encouraged the impetuous Boone could not be so easily satisfied. The whole affair looked suspicious, but he took his place in line of battle. The spies had reported that they could find no Indians, while in fact the grass by their side was quivering with their movements. They had gone behind the river hills on either side of the horse-shoe, while a few of their number were in the right hand hollow. To Colonel Todd as belonged to his rank, the command of the center was assigned, while Colonel Trigg took the right, and the left was led by Boone. In full confidence that they were marching toward the Indians, but not among them, Trigg's men moved on.

In the grass, with all the exultation of men who were sure of their foe, the Indians lay—rifles ready, and selecting their targets. As the settlers came up, suddenly this fire broke out upon them. It was unexpected, and proved to all that they were in an ambushade, and that their spies had been useless. Following up their first fire, the Indians on the right side poured in their discharge. The effect was most disastrous, for it gave the Indians the belief that his policy of a bold blow at the onset was to be successful. Todd and Harlan with their men, as Trigg's battalion broke, received the fire and the loss was terrible. The four hundred warriors that were in the ravines and in the woods broke forth, like Rhoderick Dhu's men, and the carnage of that moment made Kentucky mourn for many a year. But tremendous as the attack was it was met with the courage of warriors. Colonel Todd remained on his horse, with the blood flowing from mortal wounds. Boone defended his position, with all the desperate energy that distinguished him, while Major Harlan could find but three of his men spared by the rifle.

During all the frenzy of this fearful fifteen minutes the Indians exhausted all their powers in every device of horror. The yell was raised in all its hideousness, while the tomahawk flashed every instant in its cruel blows.

From the battle ground to the river the spectacle was terrible. The horsemen generally escaped, but the foot, particularly the men who had ventured farthest within the wings of the net, were almost entirely destroyed. Colonel Boone, after witnessing the death of his son and many of his dearest friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat.

Several hundred Indians were between him and the ford to which the great mass of the fugitives were heading their flight. He, knowing the ground well, dashed into the ravine. Sustaining two or three heavy fires, and escaping pursuit, he crossed the ford by swimming, and as he knew the woods, with consummate agility succeeded in escaping.

The troops and the Indians mingling in the river the slaughter was terrible. The savages, fierce with the belief that they were victors, used their moment of triumph with awful execution.

The courage and coolness of a Mr. Netherland—a name since that time distinguished in Tennessee—arrested the slaughter, by taking a bold stand and rallying those who were in the fight. The time thus gained gave opportunity for the pursuit to get beyond the reach of the enemy. Mr. Netherland had before this been accused of cowardice. The result proved that he had in him the courage of one who, in the hour of extreme danger, becomes a rallying point to retrieve the battle. "Captain Reynolds performed a deed for which Roman annals would have immortalized him. Abandoning his chance of escape he generously saved the life of Captain Patterson, and himself became a captive, and then even from the Indian's grasp rescued him."

The battle brought its peculiar blow to Boone. While his own life was a fearful Providence spared, he now had offered up another son, a victim to the forest peril, while his brother Samuel was severely wounded.

The shot of the savage had been but too certain, to his son, and while using every effort to bear him off our hero found that the only duty before him was to save himself. He left his boy, conscious that the cruelty of the Indian could only weak vengeance on his corpse. He felt that he had every risk of capture himself. A bloody and exciting tour of savages rejoicing in a terrible victory was all around him, and the station was a long distance away. But he knew where every place of concealment was, and he pressed on to be, if possible, in time to defend the settlements; for he thought that the Indian would follow up the blow as rapidly and boldly as possible. On his way with his son's body—bleeding and dying—a very large savage sprang toward him. Up glared the tomahawk, but it was a passing triumph, for the heroic man stopped, relinquished for a moment his grasp of his expiring son, and which his unerring eye shot the Indian dead. They returned into the lion's path who came across the purposes of Boone in such circumstances. He felt the bitter anguish of losing another son—one, too, who had been fighting in the front when he fell—and remembering as he did that if his advice had been taken, and the wise and soldierlike course of awaiting the arrival of Colonel Logan had been pursued, this terrible tragedy would not have been enacted. All this grieved him sadly, and during his long life his painful memories did not pass away. Thrice had the Blue Licks been to him a scene of the greatest peril and loss—his own life endangered, and that of those dearest to him suddenly and mournfully terminated.

The loss of the settlers was sixty-seven, and Todd, Trigg and Harlan were of these. Assuredly, the last blow struck by the Indian for the recovery of his hunting grounds was a bloody one. It thrilled through Kentucky.

On the retreat they met Colonel Logan, hastening to join them with a number of well armed men. This powerful assistance they unfortunately wanted in the battle; for, notwithstanding the enemy's superiority of numbers, they acknowledged that if they had received one more fire from the whites they would undoubtedly have given way. So valiantly did the small party fight that to the memory of those who unfortunately fell in the battle enough honor can not be paid. Being reinforced, they returned to bury the dead, and found the bodies strewn everywhere, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner almost unparalleled. Some were torn and eaten by wild beasts, such in the river eaten by fishes, and in all such a pitiful condition that not one could be distinguished from another.

To the different stations and forts, the news of that day brought orphanage and widowhood. The Indian had left his last fatal mark behind him.

On the long roll of that day's reported slain were the names of a few who had in fact been captured, and after surviving the ordeal of the gauntlet, had been permitted to live as captives. Among these an excellent husband and father, with eleven other captives, had been taken by a tribe, and painted black, as the signal of torture and death to all. The night after the battle, these twelve prisoners were stripped and placed in a line on a log; he to whom we have specially alluded, being at one extremity of the devoted row. The cruel captors then beginning at the other end, slaughtered eleven, one by one. But when they came to the only survivor, though they raised him up also, and drew their bloody knives to strike and cut upon his arm, they paused, and after a long pause,

spared his life—why, he never knew. For about a year home of his friends, except his faithful wife, doubted his death. She, hoping against reason, still insisted that he lived and would yet return to her. Wood by another, she from time to time postponed the nuptials, declaring that she could not divest herself of the belief that her husband survived. Her expostulating friends finally succeeded in their efforts to slide her affectionate infant, she reluctantly yielded, and the nuptial day was fixed. But just before it dawned the crack of a rifle was heard near her lonely cabin. At the familiar sound she leaped out, like a liberated slave, ejaculating as she sprang, "That's John's gun!" It was John's gun, sure enough, and in an instant she was once more in her lost husband's arms. But nine years afterward that same husband fell in St. Clair's defeat, and the same disappointment, but persevering love, renewed his suit, and at last the widow became his wife.

Boone, as the surviving officer in command of the county regiment, communicated an official report of the battle to Benjamin Harrison, governor of Virginia, and the father of the illustrious William Henry Harrison, to whose young years the stories of these frontier fights gave quick thought of daring in the same field. In many respects Harrison and Boone had kindred qualities. Both were of the class of men who held their place in public affairs when the war was most immediate and cruel.

The report of Boone delineates in few words the battle—never uttering one word of his own services. Passing from the description of the action, he vividly delineated the exposed condition of the country—its scattered and limited soldiery—and urged a strong reinforcement. He described the danger as pressing upon the people under the fearful influences of the recent disastrous fight. He said: "I have encouraged the people in this county all I could, but I can no longer justify them or myself in risking our lives here under such extraordinary hazards. If the Indians bring another campaign into the country this fall it will break up the settlements."

### CHAPTER XXIX.

DEATH OF JACK SPOTS.

Among those who accompanied Captain Reynolds in Colonel Todd's ill-fated expedition to the fatal field of the Blue Licks, were Mr. Brewster and Jack Spots. They both were in the front ranks, and between them was young Israel Boone, the fires of whose young life were quenched in his heart's blood on that black day of disaster and gloom. When the enemy broke cover, and sprang upon the stunned and almost panic-stricken whites, no men there exhibited greater courage and coolness than our two friends. Mr. Brewster gave a thought to Louisa, and instantly realized the fact that if he would see her again he would have to depend upon his own exertions for escape from that dark pass of literal fire, death and hell. His first impulse was to steal into the bushes, swim the river some point below the ford, which was guarded by a large detachment of Indians and their allies, and make off through the forest as swiftly as possible in the direction of Bryant's. But this impulse was smothered in the moment of its birth. The soul of the brave, chivalrous fellow revolted at such base and cowardly abandonment of his companions in their sore need and peril, and fleeing the savage foe he fought with the valor born of desperation.

Jack Spots seemed to be a demon incarnate. His eyes burned and blazed like coals of fire—his diabolical yell was hoarse, shrill and piercing, and the war-cries of the Indians—every bullet sped from his rifle sealed the fate of an enemy—and when the hand to hand conflict came, his rifle barrel, welded with both hands, crashed in the painted skulls as though they were eggshells. The man seemed to be courting death. Wherever the Indians were thickest, with a whoop that rang out defiant and deafening above the din of the conflict, he sprang among them, dealing death with every stroke. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Bullets aimed at his breast missed their mark, tomahawks were hooked at his head in vain, and it seemed that the knives of the red devils could not reach him. Ever by his side was Brewster, noiseless and undemonstrative, but none the less industrious in paying the way to the river—that day destined to run red with the blood of carnage—with the bodies of the hated enemy.

At length the ford was reached, and the surviving whites rushed in, only to be shot down like waterfowl by the concentrated foe. Onward and toward the opposite bank fled those who escaped the bullets of the enemy. In the midst of these were Spots and Brewster, as yet unharmed by ball or blade. The Indians, seeing that a large body was about to escape them—for Girty and McKee had neglected to station a force on the opposite bank to intercept retreat in that direction, expecting to exterminate the entire band of settlers in the ravine where the ambushade was laid—rushed into the water among them and executed fearful slaughter with the knife and tomahawk.

Here it was that the wave seemed to have dissolved the charm that had shielded the life of Spots in the fearful massacre of the ravine. The knife of an Indian was passed through his body and he fell into the arms of Brewster, who bore him through the struggling mass to the shore. Spots besought him to leave him to his fate and preserve himself for Louisa's sake by flight. This gallant Yankee would not listen to, but expressed his determination to remain with him until life was extinct, or he had borne him home.

At the request of the wounded man, Brewster deposited him under a wide-spreading beech, and hurried to the assistance of the others.

ance of the gallant Netherland, who was rallying the fugitives on the bank for the purpose of making a stand.

Their efforts were successful, the stand was made, the savages checked and repulsed in their attempt to cross the river, and finally driven back for refuge among the hills, but not until they had suffered, in the river, a loss far greater than they had inflicted upon the whites.

Then the little band of survivors of that fearful day of rash daring and senseless blunders began their sad retreat homeward, bearing their wounded on branches cut from the trees. On a way many died and were given such rude sepulture as the exigency of the case permitted. Brewster was unremitting in the care of his wounded comrade, and at the end of the third day he experienced the inexpressible joy of folding his lovely wife to his heart and instilling her by the side of poor Spots, who, more than once during the battle had preserved his life by striking down the savage who was in the act of branding him with his hatchet or stabbing him between the ribs with his knife.

Near twilight of the second day after reaching home, Spots lay on his pillow gazing with fast-dimming eyes upon the handsome couple, who were making pretense, with aching hearts and tear-filled eyes, of eating their homely evening repast. They knew that during the night they would lose the friend of both and the preserver of one, for the physician of the station, Dr. Hood, had assured them that he could not last more than a few hours longer, as mortification had set in, and he was beyond the reach of mortal help.

The dying man was now free from all pain. He knew that the end was near, and welcomed death as a friend who had come to release him from a life that, as he expressed it, "was a burden and a misery."

At length the meal was ended, and the busy hands of Louisa cleared the table with surprising quickness; more bear's grease was poured into the iron lamp, and husband and wife drew their chairs up to the bedside of the dying man.

A smile of ineffable pleasure irradiated his countenance as the soft palm of the gentle and sympathetic woman was pressed with cool and velvet touch upon his brow. His eyes fastened themselves upon her fair and beautiful face as though they were photographing her features upon his soul, to carry with him into the eternal world an image of one who was an angel of goodness in this.

His right hand was held in a warm clasp by Brewster. For a few moments there was utter silence, which was at length broken by the voice of the dying one who uttered the one word:

"Louie!" But the tone in which it was uttered, and the glance that accompanied it, startled the woman as though she had heard a voice from the grave. Brewster's gaze tightened upon the hand he held, and his honest eyes filled with tears. He knew now that the poor fellow had been all this time bearing a wound about in his heart in comparison with which the knife thrust of the savage was indeed a merciful stroke of good fortune. He recognized the man the instant the word was spoken.

Poor Louisa was aghast. Her eyes assumed a look in which horror was mingled with uncertainty. The color had fled from her cheeks, and her half-parted lips were bloodless. Her breath came in thick gasps, and her heart seemed to leap at one bound into her throat.

After a momentary pause the dying man continued, his gaze turning toward the ceiling, and his speech betraying that his mind was wandering in the delirium that almost invariably precedes death from unnatural cause:

"Louie, keep up a brave heart, my girl. We will not be gone long, and when I return it will be to bear my bonny bride to a home where the woods give eternal shade, the air is over-scented with the sweet breath of aromatic shrubs and wild-flowers; where the deer and the buffalo are numerous as the leaves of the forest, and where eternal summer crowns the hills and floods the valleys with its golden glory and warmth. It is an Eden, my darling, and you and I, my pet, being wiser than the Adam and Eve of old, will kill the snakes and not be tempted by them!" and he uttered this conceit the old merry laugh rang out clear and joyous as it ever did in the old home on the Yadkin.

Poor Louisa, a white horror on her face, bursting from her heart, exclaimed, in suppressed but intense tone:

"My God! it is John!"

Yes, it was poor John Finley, who had been mortured during all these years as dead, while in reality he had been held in captivity among a far northern tribe of Indians, and at last succeeded in escaping to find the woman he had worshipped, and for whose sweet sake he had undergone the perils that had ended in a week's life, the wife of another.

The poor girl lay sobbing in her husband's arms. His feelings were as intense as hers, and by loving excess and soothing speech and tender kiss he at length succeeded in quieting and reducing her delirious nerves to order. When next they turned their attention to the sufferer he was beyond the reach of all human sympathy. On the wings of the pleasant dream uttered in his last speech the poor bruised and battered soul had taken its flight to a land where the verdure is indeed eternal, the sunlight rests forever upon hill and valley, and the air continually breathe the perfume of the flowers that neither fade nor die in the gardens of God.

With ineffable tenderness his eyes were closed and his body prepared for the tomb. The two hearts mourned sincerely, the one the loss of a brother, and the other that of a fast friend and preserver, and some months later, when a darling boy had come to them, Brewster made glad the heart of the proud and happy mother, when, stooping over and imprinting a kiss upon her brow, he whispered:

"We will christen him John Finley, darling!"

(Continued next week.)

Look Here, Upon This Picture and On This.

New York Herald.

There have been two particularly memorable political conferences at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in recent times. The first was held on the 12th of May, 1876, and the participants were the honorable Theodore T. Wootley, formerly President of Yale College. It adopted an admirable address, written in great part by Mr. Carl Schurz, now Secretary of the Interior, from which the following are extracts:

A national election is approaching under circumstances of peculiar significance. Never before in our history has the public mind been so profoundly agitated by apprehensions of dangers arising from corrupt practices and practices in our political life, and never has there been greater reason for it.

We therefore declare, and call upon all good citizens to join us, that at the approaching Presidential election we shall support no Presidential candidate.

1. Who in public position ever countenanced corrupt practices; or

2. Who, by using official influence and power, has failed to secure the opportunity in exposing and correcting abuses coming within the reach of his observation, but, for personal reasons or party ends, has permitted them to fester on.

3. To whom, however conspicuous his position or brilliant his ability, the impulses of the party managers have shown themselves predominant over those of the reformer, so that he will be inclined to continue that fundamental abuse, the employment of the government services as a machinery for personal or party ends; or

4. Who, however fervently judged by his nearest friends, is not known to possess those qualities of mind and character which the stern task of a governing official requires, and which will be inclined to continue that fundamental abuse, the employment of the government services as a machinery for personal or party ends; or

In one word, at present, no candidate should be held entitled to the support of patriotic citizens, of whom the question may finally be asked: Is he really a man of such thoroughness of reform of the government? Can he, with certainty, be depended upon to possess the moral courage and sturdy resolution to grapple with the abuses of the government, and to acquire the strength of established custom, and to this end firmly to resist the pressure even of his party friends?

The second conference to which we refer was held yesterday in the same place. Its proceedings were likewise a citizen of Connecticut, ex-Governor Marshall Jewell, and upon examining the lists of participants on each occasion we immediately identify our accomplished editorial comrade, Mr. Murat Halstead, of Cincinnati, as assisting prominently at both. But yesterday's gathering appears to have been more miscellaneous than the one in which he was at four years ago. Indeed, it must have reminded the Bible readers present (among whom, of course, we reckon Mr. Halstead) of St. Peter's vision at Joppa, in which a certain vessel came descending from heaven, "as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners and let down to the earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air."

Among the guests there were Senators Blaine, Canby and Logan; ex-Senators, Messrs. and Conover, ex-Secretary Robinson, Messrs. Channing I. Filley, P. B. Smith, William E. Chandler, and several more, concerning whom Mr. Halstead must have grown deaf indeed since 1874, if he did not hear a heavenly voice like that which said to the apostle, "Rise, Peter; kill and eat." While the proceedings were in progress, according to the press reports, Gen. Belknap, formerly secretary of the war department, also was one of the gentlemen who were in the room for congratulation to Gen. Garfield in an adjoining room. How so promiscuous an assembly got along peacefully with one another, and with Mr. Halstead, through the day, would be a wonder, did we not recollect that there were no quarrels among the apostles in Noah's ark. In both instances a common sense that they were "all in the same boat," and that their only chance of getting to land depended upon keeping the peace, perhaps explains the mystery.

### "DIRTY WORK LOGAN."

Some Plain Truths Plainly Put in regard to the Boss Demagogue of America.

New York Sun.

At the first meeting of the Republican conference in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Senator John A. Logan made a very speech, denouncing the Democratic party, North and South as the authors of the civil war and guilty of all the blood shed by Union soldiers in suppressing the rebellion. Then, raising his voice to its highest pitch, he demanded to know if the audience were ready to again trust the Democrats with the administration of the government. The hundreds of Republican faithfuls and office-seekers who were present, catching the spirit of the occasion, responded, "No! never!"

Persons who have lived a good while and possess sound memories have not forgotten the course of John A. Logan in the years just previous to the war. He was one of the most furious and bitter pro-slavery Democrats in the northwestern States. While in Congress during Buchanan's administration, he was as malicious as a rattlesnake toward the Republican party, and followed so close upon the heels of Democrats of the Jefferson Davis school, that Stephen A. Douglas could not restrain him, and was finally obliged to cut loose from him.

When the southern States began to secede from the union, and the whole horizon was growing dark with the gathering tempest, Logan represented in Congress the Egypt district of Illinois. From his place in the House he gave to the insurgents every encouragement in his power, and when hostilities were about to commence, he had actually broken out, and the administration was mastering troops to put down the revolt, Logan delivered an inflammatory speech, wherein he declared that if Union soldiers were attempted to march through his portion of Illinois for the purpose of coercing his dear southern brethren with the bayonet, they would have to pass over the dead bodies of several thousands—we forget the exact number—of Democrats in his district; and it is even alleged and believed that he attempted to raise a force for service on the rebel side.

At a subsequent stage of the contest, Logan found that his secessionism wouldn't work. Then he went into the war under the other flag, and fought to the end of it.

Such language